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A TELEGRAPHIST'S STORY.

'AND must you really go away, and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your Little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy? Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?'

'Couldn't possibly do it, my love,' said I, struggling into my greatcoat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on to her own little hands.

'Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do you know I felt so strange and lonely last night when you were away, that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid foolish little thing I am.'

Her arm quietly stole round me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet blue eyes.

'Why, you wee goose,' said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, 'what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise noddle of yours? Are you afraid that the fairies will way-lay me, and spirit me away to their elfin-land? If they do, I shall tell them that I have left a fairy at home, and not even the blandishments of the queen herself shall tempt me into their uncanny country. But seriously, Maggie, there is nothing to be alarmed about. I shall be home by seven o'clock at the latest; but since you are so eerie, I will call at father's as I pass, and send up my brother Bob to keep you company and stay in the house all night. Will that content you, little woman?'

'No; don't do that; it would look foolish, and Bob would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one does understand me—except you, dear Will.'

'Thank you, Mag.; I think I do understand

you. But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back long before you have done dreaming.' So saying, I mounted the gig, and drove rapidly along the frozen road. But my wife lingered by the porch, following me with her eyes; and so long as the house was in sight, I could, on looking back, see her white dress shimmering ghost-like in the light which streamed through the open door.

At the time of which I write, I was Telegraph Superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks, who was on night-duty, had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his work myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in that 'nasty old box,' as Mag. called it—and she was perfectly correct in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that no grumbling of mine could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague indefinable fears, for which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and away in the north-western sky the aurora borealis was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange fantastic shapes. As I watched the shifting and quivering gleams, now shooting in rapid succession from one luminous centre, and anon spreading and rolling wave after wave across the starry heavens, I began to think of the disastrous omens of war, plague, and famine, which in olden times men drew from such sights. Somewhat of the same emotion I felt in my own mind, and reason as I would, I felt it impossible to shake off the growing sense of uneasiness and gloom which had taken possession of me. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

'You won't have much work to-night, sir,' said he. 'The instruments are quite unworkable; no

signals have been received for the last three hours. Good-night.'

When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swayed ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove, and taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in the story. The volume which I had discovered was *Jane Eyre*; and although, since that time, I have read, with tears and laughter, it and the other works which came from the same true and loving pen, yet on that night the spell of her who is so powerful to awaken our interest and enlist our sympathy—who has given us Black Rochester and the noble Shirley and gentle Mary Home; who chronicled with no unkindly hand the vagaries of the three eccentric curages, and won our hearts for Professor Emmanuel Carl Paul—had no power to quiet my wild wandering thoughts. While I was turning listlessly over the leaves, the stillness was startled by the sharp quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to read off a message. With a shiver of alarm, I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that that bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force which shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone, there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing along the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, *Æolian-harp-like* sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and anon swelling into a wild low wailing. I looked up, and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights, not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall sombre pines and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the unusual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal, at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see whether all was well there. I might

have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farmhouse not far distant, and gone home; but, as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay where I was, and get through the night as best I could. 'If this goes on,' said I to myself as I turned inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigour than was absolutely necessary—'if this goes on much longer, I shall have to consult a doctor, that's plain.' For I knew that the causeless apprehensions which I experienced were often only the symptom of an unsound state of bodily health. I filled my pipe and lit it, but the weed had lost its usual tranquillising power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife's face looking at me tearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and, with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar unearthly sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novice were working the instrument, the letters 'C-o-m-e' were signalled. No sooner had I read off the final 'e,' than, to my amazement and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal 'Understood,' which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood were leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the quick click of the handle as it turned; and now I could perceive that another word was being slowly spelt out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs. Again my handle moved, and this time made the signal 'Not understood.' With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again signalled, and this time I read 'H-o-m-e.' Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half-believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the mysterious summons?

While I thus deliberated, the bell again sounded with a clangour still more loud, imperious, and unearthly, and after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words 'Come home—come home!'—the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates, and gaining admission, told

him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled, I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving, I threw it on his back, and in a minute or two was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice until he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with the moonlit streams wimpling beneath them, farm-houses where the deep-voiced, watchdogs were awakened by the loud beat of hoofs, shot past me like things in a dream; and at last, breathless and panting, we clattered up the long causewayed street of the village near which I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the white moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, and a hoarse voice uttered a loud cry: 'Fire!' At the same instant, the church bell was rung violently, and at once, as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices cry 'Where?' Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him on his haunches, I listened for the reply: 'Craigside House!'

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realised. It was my own home. I choked down the agony, which almost forced a cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the centre of a group of women, I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. 'My wife!' I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, 'where is she?' 'God knows, sir,' said one of the men; 'we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire.' Without uttering a word, I entered the house, and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing and crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps, I fell back, blinded, fainting, and half-suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me in their arms, and tried to restrain me by force from endeavouring to ascend again. 'Don't attempt it,' they said; 'you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers.' 'Let go, you cowards!' I cried as soon as I could speak; and with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bedchamber led off a small parlour which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. Despair

gave me strength; and lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlour that I could distinguish nothing. 'Maggie, Maggie!' I shrieked, 'where are you?' but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlour, I gained our bedroom door. To my joy, it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart, I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious; I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people cheering; but it is all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and hold. Fortunately, everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she was spared to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snow-flakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what caused me to return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

'Willie,' said the soft low voice of my wife, 'if you had not come home'—

'Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear even to think of it.'

'But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?'

'A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was.'

'You remember,' said she, drawing closer to me, 'the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office, and told us all about the batteries, and magnets, and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so, lest you should think us stupid?'

'Perfectly.'

'And you remember, too, how, when I said that I should like to send a message with my own hands, you made me take hold of the handle, and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And the end of it was, "Come home—come home!" which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help.'

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

'Well,' she continued, 'the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close

behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle, and signed the words, "Come home—come home!" as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then, when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up, I fainted for want of air. And, O Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might'—

'There, Maggie; don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still.'

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

IN the few sketches of Scottish student-life which have appeared, little or nothing has been said regarding life at the most northerly of all the universities—Aberdeen; and yet it has at least as great claims to notice as any of the others, for in the civil and medical examinations it has always held a distinguished place, and of the five senior wranglers of which Scotland can boast, four came direct from this university. There must, therefore, either be something in the men or the place, when such results are forthcoming, and perhaps the experience of one who has been educated there may be interesting to the public.

It is a curious fact, that the majority of the students attending the Scottish universities come from the parish schools, or those on the old model. From these they generally come direct, or after a quarter spent at the grammar-school of the university town. Most of the teachers in these schools are Masters of Arts, and highly accomplished scholars, particularly in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, where a higher degree of scholarship is demanded, on account of the Dick and Milne bequests, which have been left for the furtherance of education in those counties. And it is a remarkable fact, which says a great deal for their efficiency, that the whole of our senior wranglers came from such schools: Slessor, from the parish school of Rathen, Aberdeenshire; Stirling, from the grammar-school of Aberdeen, conducted by the famous Dr Melvin; Barker, from the parish or grammar school of Old Aberdeen; Morton, from the Greenock burgh or mathematical school, under the tuition of the celebrated Dr Buchanan; and Niven, from the parish school of Peterhead, under the care of Mr Lyall, one of the ablest classical scholars in Scotland.

These satisfactory results have been caused by the system pursued at the parish schools, the influence of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and the bursary competitions at the commencement of each session. The latter are what gave, and still continue to give, the impulse to the parochial teaching of the north, and so important are they in the eyes of all, that they are looked forward to with greater anxiety, both by teacher and scholar, than the holidays. In fact, all the events of the year seem to date from this period—the last Monday in October. Almost every master, however insignificant, has his boy to send up, who enters the lists with his compeers, and, by

his own unaided talents, makes his mark among his fellows. No one, except those who have lived in that part of the country, can have any idea of the state of excitement into which all classes of the community are thrown during the bursary week. All Aberdeen, for the time being, devotes its attention to the list of the successful bursars, and watches with jealous eye the superiority of any other part of the country to its own educational establishments, of which it is justly proud. But it is not in Aberdeen alone that this excitement prevails. In every part of the country from which scholars have been sent up to the competition—and this may be said to be from almost every parish school in the north—the posts are watched with great anxiety for about a week. At the end of that time, news arrives of success or defeat, sending the master and parents into the seventh heaven of enjoyment, or the deepest pit of despair. After a little the excitement wears off, and the master again applies himself to the task of preparing another young man for the next competition. Positively, however, there is nothing that gives these teachers more real pleasure than to hear of the success of their pupils at this great annual gathering, except, of course, the still higher honour of being a senior wrangler.

These bursaries are what would be called in England scholarships or foundations, tenable by the fortunate competitor for four years, provided he passes the yearly examinations. They were originally founded by the lovers of learning in past time for the encouragement of the higher branches of education, and out of gratitude for the instruction which they had themselves received, in order that others in humble circumstances might be able to obtain that *summum bonum* of every Scotchman, a university education. Many of them were founded by Highland lairds for the benefit of those bearing their own names; others, such as the Seafield bursaries, are in the gift of certain persons or bodies, who may present them to those whom they may consider most deserving; and a number are annually competed for by all comers, and decided entirely by scholarship. This is called the competition. The public or competition bursaries, about twenty at King's College, and sixteen at Marischal, range in amount from L.3, 17s. 6d. to L.30,* but each of them must, by the terms of the foundation, pay for the expenses of the college classes, and leave a little for the purchase of books. The number, however, of all the various kinds of bursaries, presentation and public, in both these colleges, is very great, 240 in all, being rather more than one to every third student. By means of these, a great many young men are annually enabled to obtain a college education, who would otherwise be debarred from it. It was this system which generated and kept alive the desire of looking forward to a university career among the sons of the lower classes, and it speaks volumes for the excellence of this system when we find that the whole of the Aberdeen senior wranglers were bursars, and that

* We speak here, of course, of the time previous to the union of the two colleges. Since that time the bursaries have decreased in number but increased in amount, and certain have been formed for the encouragement of the higher branches of study, thus enabling the more promising students to study at the great colleges of England.

the greater number of our most illustrious Scotchmen in the north, those who have left their mark in the world, were indebted to a bursary for their college education, and their means of subsistence when there.

On account of these bursary competitions being so keenly contested, every schoolmaster is on the look-out for clever boys to prepare for them. Whenever any such are found, if their parents are too poor to pay for their education, the master invariably takes them as free pupils; and when he has brought them to a proper state of proficiency, sends them to college, certain that they will gain a bursary sufficient to keep them there. And it is very seldom that he is mistaken, for the great proportion of those who used to carry off the bursaries at King's College was of this class. When they returned during the summer recess, they applied themselves to some business, or found some private teaching, which helped to recruit their purses and their libraries. Those of their teachers were almost always entirely at their disposal, and there are very few in the counties we have mentioned whose libraries are not full of the finest editions of the classics—invariably without notes, as they consider these beneath the dignity of a scholar.

It is principally from the lower or working classes that the best scholars are obtained. The proportion of these at the Scottish universities is much greater than that of any other class; for we find that in the year 1867, 'out of the 882 students who attended the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes in the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St Andrews, and the junior Latin and Greek classes in the university of Aberdeen, no less than 29 were sons of common labourers, farm-servants, and miners; 16 per cent. of the whole number belonged to that class of men who live by skilled labour and artisan-work, blacksmiths, shoemakers, weavers, masons, carpenters, and the like; 125 were the sons of farmers; 111 were the sons of ministers, 94 of merchants, and 39 of schoolmasters.' We have heard schoolmasters repeatedly say that these were by far the most diligent scholars, and that there was a greater amount of work in boys of this class than in those of any other. They seem really to feel that education is a boon, and that no opportunity should be let slip of improving themselves. We have known such students prepare themselves for the university in two years, and carry off some of the highest bursaries and honours there. It has also to be remembered that most of those who did so were engaged during that period in working at some trade, to which they would return during the summer recess. But, after all, it is not surprising that such men should carry off all the honours. Their lives from the first have been a struggle, and hard work is their allotted task in life. Study, which to one brought up in the middle or higher classes of society would be accounted very hard, is to them mere child's play, and often previous to going to college they work much harder than the great proportion of students do when there.

If the teachers are watching for clever scholars, and ready in every way to further their interests, the professors, at least in the Aberdeen university, are none the less so. In particular, Professor Fuller, himself a Cambridge man, and no mean wrangler, is always ready to note the mathematical talents of any of his students, and to work them

up for Cambridge. It has been mainly through his instrumentality that the four senior wranglers now hailing from that university thought of entering the lists in the great colleges of the south, upon which Scotchmen look with a kind of awe.

The student having gained his bursary, will find himself one of a class of ninety or a hundred, attending the junior Latin and Greek classes. Composed of so many heterogeneous elements, he need not expect, and will not find much of that suavity of manner which distinguishes the higher grades of society. Almost all the young men in the class have been so busy attending to their intellects that the outer man and the usages of society are neglected, and even looked upon with a sort of contempt. Nor are they much improved by their intercourse with their fellows, or contact with the polish of a large town, for their habits are in general very secluded, and the contempt which their mode of life has given them to everything except the intellect retards their improvement very much. It is on this account, we fear, that so many of the clergy of Scotland were, and are still, unfit to mingle in the best society, forming such a marked contrast in this to those of England. Until such time as these can see that no amount of talent can be any excuse for boorishness of manners, there will be very little chance of improvement, though Scotland has made a great advance in this respect within the last twenty years.

If the student does his work conscientiously he will never find time hang heavy on his hand, for the shortness of the session and the amount of work to be done compel the professors to crowd it upon the students. However, if he is at all well prepared, he will be able to keep up with the class and make a respectable appearance. During the five hours of attendance on his classes, he will find the work more thorough than he had formerly been accustomed to, excellently adapted to mature the mind, to foster self-reliance, and to make first-class scholars. All the passages are translated with very great care, every nicety and peculiarity noted and commented upon, and collateral readings mentioned and explained. On the whole the work is more exact than at the parish school, or rather the exactness is turned in another direction, for as good versions had formerly been the great aim, so a nicety of translation into English becomes now the chief object.

As the majority of the students take the regular course of study for Master of Arts, the professors have greater power over them, and can keep them more closely to their work. It has also to be remembered that before a student can obtain his M.A. he must pass a certain amount (more than one half) of all the papers, and in the mathematical class this embraces conic sections and the differential and integral calculus. Besides, nothing was more looked down upon than the fact of being 'plucked,' or as it was called with us 'stuck;' and though the professors were very considerate, and did not inform us of it but in private, yet such bad news would soon get bruited abroad. As all bursars, and in the third and fourth years all students, had also to pass entrance examinations at the commencement of each session on subjects previously announced, it can be easily supposed that we were not allowed to be idle, and that the system pursued was one excellently adapted for

keeping up the knowledge of the various branches of study which the curriculum embraced.

To gain some idea of the system of teaching pursued at this northern university, let us enter the mathematical class presided over by Professor Fuller, and note how he conducts it. After prayer, a young gentleman's name is called, who steps forward to the black-board and proceeds to work one of the questions given out the previous forenoon, stating aloud each step as he goes on. The professor, pacing backwards and forwards in front of the class, comments on each step, and points out when any mistake is made. After this student has finished the question given him, another is called up, who proceeds in the same manner with the next. This continues till all the work given out is done, when Professor Fuller proceeds with his lecture, the students taking copious notes all the time, after which questions relating to the subject of it are announced for next day. In the afternoon the same system is pursued, every student 'going up to the board,' when called upon for Euclid, but refusing, if he pleased, to the deductions. This 'refusing' was not practised in the case of the algebraical questions, or even in the first part of conic sections; but when the session was drawing to a close, and we were busy with revision, refusals became very common. When engaged with the higher parts of conic sections and the differential and integral calculus, only the best scholars would rise. In the natural philosophy class, however, Professor Thompson would take no refusal, unless in the case of the optional questions; and we had therefore to obtain the required information from some of our more clever fellow-students, if we could not manage them ourselves.

It is obvious to any one that such a system as we have tried to delineate is sure to make better and more accurate scholars than the system of lecturing. We have been speaking entirely of pure mathematics, but the same remarks apply to all the other classes, for the same system was pursued in each, and with a like result, if we are to judge from the numerous Aberdeen names which are to be seen among the successful competitors in the civil and medical examinations. Nor is it surprising, to any one who knows the system, to hear a London medical examiner saying: 'In his experience as Examiner of the College of Physicians in Edinburgh, he could now pretty well tell when he got a student of Aberdeen by the great precision with which he answered questions, and by the great clearness with which he comprehended those questions. This puzzled him greatly at first; but he found that the preliminary education of the students of Aberdeen was attended to in the parish schools in the locality in a way that was unknown in any other part of Scotland: and he was in a position to declare, upon his honour, that he could almost tell an Aberdeen scholar, from the superior way in which his mind was prepared.'

The great difference, however, between English and Scottish student-life consists in non-residence—that is, in the student not living within the precincts of the college, but wherever he pleases. A great deal has been said and written against this system; but the evils arising from it are certainly not greater than those springing from residence, while the number benefited is very much

greater. A bad student, by this system, has not such opportunities for mischief, nor can he so readily fall in with friends able and willing to help him in his downward course. We are certain, that if reliable statistics could be obtained concerning the young men who are ruined at our colleges, those of the south would carry off the palm for this as well as for some better things. The Scottish student, in the majority of cases, goes to college for the purpose of working, not because it is part of the plan that forms the whole of his education. He has also generally very limited means at his disposal, and, in the present age, extremely little in the way of dissipation can be done without that. Two great safeguards are thus watching over and protecting him from the many temptations into which youth often fall. It is not to be supposed, however, that he is altogether free from the vices common to his age, for in every class there is a select coterie who drink and pursue every sort of debauchery; and occasionally a steady student gets mixed up with these, is carried beyond his depth, and runs up a bill, the modest amount of which would send an Oxford or Cambridge man into fits of laughter. Upon him, however, it hangs like an incubus, destroying all his happiness, embittering his hopes for the future, and making him loathe his very existence.

One of the greatest evils of non-residence is the injury to health. Students from the country, accustomed to the fresh air of the hills and fields, come into town, and coop themselves up in a garret or small room, unfit for the residence of any human being. In addition to this, so anxious are they not to lose a single minute, that they will not grant themselves the slightest indulgence of a walk, unless to and from the college. They study up to all hours of the night and morning, neglect their fires, sit in the cold rather than relight them, and altogether conduct themselves as if they had constitutions superior to those ills to which our flesh is heir. The natural consequence of a neglect of nature's laws follows sooner or later. The first year, the young man returns whiter and thinner than when he left; the second, with a slight cough, caught by sitting up after he had allowed his fire to go out, and which his native air and the kind attentions of friends cannot remove. When he comes up for his third session, he feels that he is not quite himself, but resolves to go on. By-and-by, the hard work tells upon him, and he is compelled to lay aside his books and think of that dread messenger—death. This is no solitary instance. We could give a score of them in our own experience, all traceable to a neglect of the commonest laws of health. And the annals of our Scottish universities could supply us with an alarming number of young men who had really killed themselves with hard work, and inattention to rules of which they could not plead ignorance. Physical exercise, the relaxation of the gymnasium, or the healthful walk, is almost unknown among them. In fact, many laugh at these, and consider them as so much waste of time. It has also to be remembered that students who come up to college on their own earnings, are not those who will let the grass grow under their feet, or who will pay much attention to the premonitory symptoms of disease. A few pounds are, in their estimation, of more value than health, and rather than lose a session, they will work until tired

nature gives way, and then they are carried off in what is called a 'galloping consumption.' Aberdeen can point to many of these, generally the most promising in the university.

On the other hand a great advantage in non-residence is the freedom allowed to the student for the prosecution of his studies. No professor, no fellow-student, no official of the college can invade the sanctity of his room without his permission, or interfere with him in the manner of his study. He can be at work whenever and as long as he pleases; and his studies are in general prosecuted, not by fits and starts, but with a steady application and arrangement, which produce their effects when the public examinations take place. And as far as our own experience goes, students do enjoy their studies immensely. When evening comes, and they get snugly ensconced beside a blazing fire, with their books spread out on the table before them, who so happy as they, who so full of enthusiasm as they turn over the pages of Greek and Latin lore! Hour after hour would pass away enjoyed as we do not enjoy them now; and often we would be surprised when the clock would ring out the 'wee short oor ayont the twal.' Then, like Longfellow's blacksmith, we would tuck ourselves under the blankets, feeling that something had been attempted, something done, that earned a night's repose.

But the principal advantage of non-residence is the cheapness of living. In Oxford or Cambridge, the expense of living effectually excludes any but the wealthier classes from taking advantage of those universities. For two hundred pounds a year, the lowest sum on which any one can respectably live at the English colleges, ten Scotchmen could be comfortably kept and educated at our Scotch colleges. They are thus, in the widest sense of the term, national, the instruction furnished by them being extended throughout every part of the community. Their doors are open to the richest as well as the poorest in the land; and on their benches will be found, side by side, the son of the laird and the son of the cottar, with no social distinction, no badge of rank, but each appreciated by his class and professors according as he displays ability or scholarship. It is owing to this that the proportion of matriculated students is very much higher in Scotland than in any other country in the world, being one to every thousand of the population; while in the whole of Germany there is one to every two thousand six hundred; and in England one to every five thousand eight hundred.

We have given the expenses of a session at any of the Scottish colleges at twenty pounds, and though there are many students that spend far more than that, yet that sum may be relied on as about the average. Many, a very great many, particularly in Aberdeen and St Andrews, live on far less than this, and manage to keep up a respectable exterior. The system pursued is for two, generally from the same part of the country and in the same class, to 'chum' together, and by this means the expenses of rooms, coals, and gas are halved. In every other thing, however, such as sugar, bread, and other eatables, each student has his separate share, and no housewife could be more careful of them than they are. Such students live plainly, often very poorly, and it need not surprise any to

hear that they pass the winter, and pay all expenses, on a sum that seems almost fabulously small. At the present time, it would be impossible to live on the same amount at college as was done when we graduated, owing to the increased prices of all articles of food; yet we do not exaggerate when we say that many live on far less than twenty pounds for the session, including fees and books. Our first session, which was the most expensive, owing to our living alone, was very little above twenty pounds; and our lodgings were in a very respectable part of the town, and not in a garret. Our other sessions were cheaper, for our brother divided the expenses of the room with us; and if an old bill, now lying before us, is to be depended upon, we must have lived very well on very little. As it affords a curious glimpse of student-life seventeen years ago, we shall give it as it stands.

ABERDEEN, March 10, 1855.

Mr	To MARY ANN MACDONALD.	s. d.
To meal, 1s.; beef, 1s. 6d.....		2 6
" loaf, 10½d.; rolls, 6d.; potatoes, 7d.....		1 11½
" syrup, 7½d.; coffee, 5d.....		1 0½
" tea, 5d.; apples and flour, 4d.; milk, 8d.....		1 5
" sugar, 8d.; barley, 1½d.; sago, 1½d.....		0 11
		7 10
Rooms.....		4 0
		11 10
Each.....		5 11

At this rate, the whole household expenses, allowing one shilling each for coals and gas, would be seven shillings a week, and for the session of twenty-four weeks L.8, 8s., which, with the fees, other eight guineas, would make the sum-total L.16, 16s., thus leaving a margin in the L.20 for books and incidental expenses. But many of the poorer students do not live so well as we did, for beef and rolls are rare visitors to their tables. A bag of meal, in which some eggs have been carefully packed, and another of potatoes, with a small kit of salt herrings, form their staple articles of food, on which they will be contented to live during the whole winter, provided they can drink in the words of knowledge that fall from their professors' lips. They will thus push their way through college on a sum that we are afraid to mention, and which an English mechanic would consider utter starvation. Our estimate of L.20 may, therefore, be taken as the average of one living in the locality and the usual manner of students. Of course, it has to be taken into account that the majority of students had their own butter with them, and were receiving from home every fortnight a box containing their clean clothes, in which there was usually some little delicacy, placed there by the loving hands of their mothers. And none but those who were in the habit of receiving such fortnightly or monthly visitations can really know the pleasure they produced.

It is natural to suppose that a college composed of such elements as we have shewn should have the democratic spirit, and be a real 'republic of letters.' At Oxford or Cambridge, rank, position, and wealth are the things that generally hold sway, but here it is entirely different. There are no distinctive marks for the lord, commoner, or cottar, such as are (or were) to be seen

in the great colleges of the south, but all sit side by side, dressed in the same red gown, ready to measure their intellectual powers. The rich man who cannot make a good appearance in his class is laughed at, the man of rank who cannot answer the simplest question regarding some peculiarity of the Greek and Latin languages, is made the butt of his companions, though he were as rich as Cæsar, or the son of the head of a clan. On the other hand, the ploughman, the young man who has spent his summer months in building dikes around the fields of his more fortunate compeer, is looked up to and respected, because he is not afraid to stand up and give his intelligent opinion regarding some of those niceties that puzzle scholars.

From what we have said, it will be seen that the Scottish universities are thoroughly national, and that their teaching is not confined to one class, as in England, but disseminated over every grade in social life. To such an extent are they taken advantage of by the poorer classes, that in travelling through the country you will find in the most unexpected places, and in the lowest situations, men who have enjoyed a university education. 'In Aberdeenshire it is stated,' though we are inclined to consider this somewhat beyond the mark, 'that the greater number of small tenant-farmers are Masters of Arts, or been a year or two at the university, and not a few of their labourers may have been in the same class-room at college with them. Anecdotes without number might be related about the class of young men who attend these Scottish universities, the hardships which they undergo in the prosecution of their studies, and the sacrifices made by their parents, in the hope that, like the father and mother of Dominic Sampson, they may live to see their son "wag his head in a pulpit."' Some young fellows are not ashamed to act as golf-club carriers or professional golfers on the links of St Andrews, some to discharge the duties of 'gillie' on the Highland moors, some to go a voyage to Greenland or Davis' Strait, others to follow the occupation of a shepherd, or work in the fields as a common labourer, in fact, do anything, provided they may earn as much money as will enable them to keep themselves at college during the ensuing session.

A GOLDEN SORROW.

CHAPTER XXXV.—ONCE MORE, A WAY OF ESCAPE.

Not a scream, not a sound betrayed Miriam's awful discovery to the listener in the sitting-room. One heavy thump of her heart, one rush of blood into her head, and she remained kneeling, perfectly motionless on the floor between the bed and the wall, holding her temples tightly between her hands, and looking, with fixedness little less than their own, into those wide open eyes. In such moments there is no time; then, at least, the spirit escapes from its bonds. It might have been five minutes, it might have been as many hours, for all that Miriam knew, that she knelt there, spell-bound, her limbs heavy and cold, her head whirling, but not lost, not confused. It had come, then. Was this the worst that could have happened? This awful occurrence did not violently break the chain of her immediately previous thought; on the contrary, it continued and strengthened it. Was all

lost, in this case, that had been in danger? Not a sentiment of grief, hardly a passing touch of pity, came to Miriam, as she knelt, during those few fearful minutes, by the side of the dead man. It was indeed 'the hour and the power of darkness.'

She arose with a slight shiver, and went to the mantel-piece. At that moment, the time-piece chimed—eleven silvery strokes. And the lawyer was to arrive at noon. One hour only, if every other chance should cohere, for what she had to do. She locked the door which opened from Mr St Quentin's bedroom upon the corridor, and having completely shut the folding-doors which communicated with her own room, she went back to her brother; but before she approached him, she looked out of the sitting-room door. No one was near; the corridor was quite empty; and she observed that there were no rooms precisely opposite theirs, only a staircase, and some large presses in the wall. As she came up to Walter, who was reading a newspaper, he said: 'Is all right?' laid the paper aside, looked up at her, and sprang up.

'Good heavens! Miriam, what is the matter?' A mirror on the wall shewed her her ghastly face.

'Hush!' she said, and laid a strong hand upon him, forcing him back into his seat. 'Don't speak above your breath. Be calm and collected, for my sake. *He is dead!*'

Walter shrank from her, and was silent in horror.

'Yes, he is dead! He has died without a struggle.'

'Impossible! And we two here, so near him! Let me see!'

'No, Walter. I tell you, it is true. Do you think I can be mistaken? I have been beside him, looking into his face ever since! You must not see him; you must not go near him: it is no question of *that* now; and you must be perfectly calm, and able to help me quickly. We have not an instant to spare.' The colour had utterly deserted her face, but her eyes were sparkling with intense eagerness and entreaty, and the fingers of her right hand held his shoulder like a vice.

'Help you! What do you mean? Had not we better call some one, and send for the doctor at once?'

'No, I tell you; no, no, no! What good can the doctor do a dead man? Besides, he's coming presently. O Walter, my brother, listen to me! I am young still, and all my future hangs upon this hour, and is in your hands! O Walter, you don't know, you cannot know what my life has been, and how tremendous this blow is to me! You know what I married him for, Walter—to get away from home, and to be rich! He bribed me with such promises! and he tricked me basely! He persuaded me—for I was vain, and proud of my power over him—that he would dower me all the more splendidly, that he did not bind himself to anything; and I believed him, though papa told me I was wrong. Wrong! I was a fool! And he has suspected and insulted me all these horrid years—yes, for though I have had plenty of money and plenty of pleasure, they have been horrid years! And I am to lose it all!'

'But how do you know, Miriam?' asked her brother, who had been unable to interrupt her vehement appeal, all the more impressive and

terrible that she never raised her voice, or loosened her grasp on him. 'And what can be done?'

'I know, I know!' she resumed. 'I have watched him, in one sense, while he watched me in another. He has been in correspondence with a man in America. I don't know his name, and I don't know what about, though I can guess; and he meant to leave all his property away from me.'

'What relatives are there? How is his property circumstanced?'

'I don't know; I only know that it is very large, and mostly in Indian securities. He has no relatives; I am sure of that. He often told me he had no claims on him, absolutely none; and it was only out of spite to me he would have left his money to a man he never saw.'

'How do you know that?'

'I don't know it, perhaps—at least, he never actually told me so in as many words—but I am morally certain of it. He has repeated to me, over and over again, that no one in the world had any claim on him; and this correspondence shews it is no one in England he has been looking after. In a moment, Walter, I will prove to you that I am right.' She glided away from him, crossed the adjoining room, and, with just an instant's hesitation, passed through the folding-doors which hid the bed and its awful tenant from his sight. In another minute, she returned, carrying a key. The travelling-desk she had pointed out to Walter lay on the floor. She opened it, took out a few papers—mere slips of memoranda—and knelt by Walter's side, shewing them to him. 'Here are the proofs of his treachery to me. Read this:

'C— advises English lawyer. Mem., to look out for a good firm. In last letter from D—, return of L— D— promised, on receipt of fee and specific statement of intentions.

'And read this, written at Calais—written only three days ago, when he was so ill, and yet determined to cross, because he was in such haste to be cruel and treacherous to me. I do believe he felt that he was dying, and that his great fear was lest this villainy should not be accomplished.

'Mem., shortest form of will for present use. The whole of my property, of whatsoever kind, all invested moneys, furniture, plate, horses, carriages, to L— D—, with the exception of an annuity to Mrs St Q— of two hundred pounds, to be paid by L— D—, and secured by him to her, on his taking possession of my property, in any way he thinks proper. Sole executor, L— D—.'

On a third slip of paper was the name and address of the firm of Messrs Ross and Raby, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn.

'This is horrible indeed, my poor darling,' said Walter, looking forlornly at the memoranda; 'but it is a comfort to think he has not carried out this intention; and though you may have some trouble, you must be well off. The law makes a secure provision for a widow under such circumstances, and in this case there seems to be no heir.'

'No heir, Walter! Who is L— D—, do you suppose? Of course he is the heir, the heir-at-law, the man who would have come in for Mr St Quentin's money, if he had made no will at all—the man in America. I am sure of it—he never had a friend he would have neglected all those years, and then suddenly taken to looking after. And I am to lose all, or nearly all, and to bear the disgrace, the

humiliation of this, for him, for a stranger! What right has he to come in, and rob me of the wealth for which I have paid so heavy and horrid a price? No one knows of these memoranda. This C—he mentions must be the man who came to see him in Paris so often lately; a sly, sleek, horrid man he was: C— stands for Caux, of course. He has done no business for him, it is plain. He tells him to employ an English lawyer to rob me—and in his hurry to act on this advice, he has died before he could accomplish such wickedness. Caux has drawn no will for him, there is no will! Walter!'—she rose from her knees, and clasped him round the neck, hiding her face from him, as she spoke with passionate rapidity, close to his ear—'you will not let any of this villainy be done to me; you will save me from the bitterness of all this misery without any reward; you will remember how you trusted me with Florence, and how I deserved the trust! Won't you, Walter?'

'I will—I do,' he said, trying to see her face; but she held him closer, and spoke lower and more rapidly. 'But what can I do, Miriam? I don't know what you have in your mind.'

'And time is flying,' she murmured. 'I will tell you.' She lifted her head, and looked at him straight and unabashed. 'At twelve o'clock a clerk of Messrs Ross and Raby's will be here, in obedience to a message from him—to take instructions for a will. He has never seen him; no one in the house knows his appearance. He was carried here from the boat yesterday, with his face covered; and except our servants—one is out, the other is asleep—no one has seen it. Walter! in the old days, in which I always helped you and loved you, and was stanch to you, no matter how much I was reviled or punished on your account—in those old days, I say, you were a good actor; you could dress, and speak, and look a part well, and there was no handwriting you could not imitate, besides having several of your own: remember the letters Rose Dixon brought to Crescent House. Have you lost your old skill, and your hand its former cunning?'

'Good God, Miriam—do you propose?'

'This is what I propose, brother; it is quite safe, and it injures no one—remember how he would have injured me.' She held him now, with a hand gripping each shoulder, and looked at him full, with her commanding, gloomy eyes.

'When this lawyer comes, he shall be introduced to you—the firm know nothing of him, not even his handwriting; it was his valet who wrote the letter to them—not even whether he is young or old; but you can easily look much older than you do now, and the light need not be strong—instead of his real client; and you shall give him instructions to draw a will—you have the model; it is easy and simple; it is only a few lines; it will all be done in a few minutes—and two of the hotel servants, who have not seen him—can witness it. The lawyer will go away, and then you, and then the truth shall be told. No one will be wronged, Walter. This unknown man knows nothing of his chance, and never can have expected such a chance to arise; and I—I shall have the reward, the bare pay, I may call it, for all this horrid life, which is done with, and owe it all to you—to you, Walter, who owe so much to me!'

'Miriam, this is madness. Do you know what you want me to do? This is a felony.'

'And felony is a word! What has *he* done to me? What would he have done if he had lived two more hours? Think of that, Walter, and of the base treachery it means; and think of your own happy home, of Florence, of the child that is coming, and of all you have, while I have nothing; and, if the law gives me anything, must have it with the sting of suspicion, of calumny—and do this thing for me, dearest Walter, for your sister, who has done and borne much for you! I did not need praying, Walter, when you came to me, in disgrace, and asked me to do that for you, for which my father would have turned me out into the streets, if he had discovered it! I needed no prayers, and I never faltered, not then, not after, when this old man heaped insult and suspicion on me, for Florence's sake!'

'But, Miriam'—He hesitated, covered his face with his hands.

'Time flies,' she said. 'Walter, will you not help and save me? Will *you* be cruel and selfish, and treacherous too?'

There was a moment's silence, then Walter, disclosing a face as white and troubled as her own, said: 'Shew me how it is to be done, and I will do it. Let what will come of it, Miriam, I will do this for you!'

She kissed him without a word. Then, with inconceivable rapidity and quietness, she placed writing materials before him, and collected several books which lay about the room, travelling literature from book-stalls, and French *brochures*, and opened them in a row, at the top of the blotting-book—displaying the fly-leaf of each. A formal inscription was written exactly in the middle of every one of these. Then she went to the desk again, and took out a cheque-book, in which were a number of blank cheques, signed. In all these signatures and inscriptions there was hardly a trace of variation in the characters, forming this name:

LUCIUS CLIBBORN ST QUENTIN.

'Copy these,' she said. 'It is an easy hand, the most formal I ever saw, and read the memoranda again. I will be with you immediately.' She instantly withdrew, and Walter bent over his task. She went into the room in which the old man lay dead, and collected, from the dressing-table and the chairs, several articles of his clothing, and such dressing things as had been unpacked last night, and carried them into the adjoining room. In a moment she swept away her own toilet apparatus, the gown, bonnet, and wraps she had travelled in, and every trace of a feminine presence in the room, locked them into a wardrobe, and replaced them by the things belonging to Mr St Quentin. Then she pulled the blinds down, and partially drew the bed-curtains, arranging them so as to interpose between an occupant of the bed and the view of any person in the sitting-room. Her movements were wonderfully swift, but her thoughts far outstripped them. In those few minutes, which defied her reckoning, every detail of the scheme she had conceived—who can tell within what an indefinable instant after her eyes had met the dead eyes—had presented itself to her. Two supreme points of vantage were hers: she only knew that anything had occurred within these rooms, and no one had a right to enter them, unbidden by her. She might even keep the lawyer's clerk waiting, if it should be necessary; she was not absolutely tied to time. She was

not insensible to the danger of the deed she meditated, but she fairly balanced the chances, and they were heavily in her favour. There was, in the disposition of the rooms, only one slight risk: supposing the servants who were to be summoned to witness the will should, in relating the circumstance to their fellows, mention, in the hearing of the housemaid who had attended them, that Mr St Quentin was in the outer room? It was a risk, but only a little one, and when it came into Miriam's mind, she dismissed it. The chances were very much against such a risk occurring, and she *must* trust something to chance.

A knock at the locked door of the room in which the dead man lay! Miriam heard, and replied to it instantly, by turning the key, and confronting the person who knocked with a warning gesture. It was Bolton the valet. She stepped into the corridor, and softly shut the door.

'I thought I should have found Mrs Haines here, ma'am,' he said, 'as they told me Mr Clint had come.'

'Haines is asleep, I hope,' said Miriam. 'What is it?'

Then Bolton explained. He had not found a house, or lodgings, in the vicinity of the hotel, but had heard of a house about two miles away, on the coast. Should he go and look at it, or would Mrs St Quentin think it too far away? If his master could be got into a carriage and moved at all, that distance would make no practical difference. Miriam assented, and felt, with a thrill in her veins, that here was another point in her favour. The lawyer might propose to employ Mr St Quentin's own servant, rather than a stranger, for the purpose of witnessing his will, and here was the valet himself proposing what must take him out of the way, without any premeditation on her part. She told Bolton that she entirely agreed with him, and begged he would go and see the house at once, and inspect it very carefully. The man was turning away, and she about to open the door, when he said: 'I beg your pardon, ma'am. I suppose there is no change?'

'No,' replied Miriam; 'there is no change.'

Once more, she went into her own bedroom, and looked carefully round. All was in the disorder proper to a man's room; she had but to add the order which should attend illness. She was getting used to what she was doing now, and the tenacity of her will stilled her nerves. Without a tremor, she carried the medicine bottles and glasses, the cups and the flannels, all the sad, significant *appareil*, away from the dead man's bedside, and arranged them in a corresponding place in the outer room. Only a few minutes had been consumed in these rapid arrangements, and while she was making them, Miriam's gaze was constantly turned upon Walter, sitting with his back towards the open folding-doors, now writing busily, now thinking, his head resting on his hands. At length she went to him. A sheet of paper on which the formal inscription on the fly-leaves before him was accurately copied several times, lay on the blotting-book. Miriam put her arm round his neck, leaned over his shoulder, and studied the lines of writing minutely.

'Perfect!' was the one word she said. Then she shut the books, threw them into a corner, twisted up the sheet on which Walter had been writing, put it into the fire, where it was instantly

consumed; and, turning to Walter, took him by the arm, saying: 'Come! In ten minutes this man will be here.'

She led him into the adjoining bedroom, gave him an embroidered dressing-gown of some soft Indian stuff, and a crimson silk night-cap, which she pulled over his forehead, leaving only a ring of his prematurely gray hair shewing beneath its border, once more kissed him, said: 'Call me when you are ready, and be quick!' and returning to the sitting-room, stood near the door, white, rigid, listening.

In a few minutes, Walter called her, softly, and she went to him. His appearance took her by surprise, justly as she had calculated upon his powers of representation. In the bed, in a judicious half-light, lay an old man, propped up with pillows, which yet seemed to give him no support, sufficient to counteract the exhaustion which pulled him down from off them; his shrunken figure seemed lost in the folds of the Indian dressing-gown, whose embroidered sleeves hung over the large, hirsute hands, which certainly had no appearance of strength. Again she said one word—'Perfect!' and placed a chair near the bed, with a little table beside it, on which were writing materials and a hand-bell. Then an idea struck her; she flitted back into the sitting-room, and brought one of the railway books, with the formal inscription on the fly-leaf. There was no reason why it should not lie, open, among the medicine-bottles, left there by the sick man's attendant, and within reach of the sick man's eye. He noted this approvingly, but said nothing. Then, as a step sounded in the corridor, Miriam waved her hand to him, and the next instant had flung herself into an arm-chair beside the fire in the adjoining room, having closed the folding-doors as she passed. She was looking ill and worn, wan with anxiety and fatigue; her hair was in disorder, pushed back from her white face anyhow, but this was all as it should be. She leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, as she replied to a knock at the door: 'Come in.'

It was a waiter, followed by a short, fat, bald-headed gentleman, whom he announced as 'Mr Clissold.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ONCE MORE RISKING IT.

'You are the gentleman from Messrs Ross and Raby, whom Mr St Quentin is expecting, I think?' said Miriam, as Mr Clissold made her a formal bow. Her first glance at the confidential clerk gave her reassuring results. The sole expression of him, in physiognomy and figure, was stolidity. There was no reason to fear his penetrating observation on her appearance, dress, or demeanour. His dull protuberant eyes rested on her without seeming to see her, and not a muscle in his red face moved. If he had found her weeping violently, or practising the last false step, attired in the brown robe of a Carmelite nun, or arrayed in the tulle and spangles of an opera-dancer, it would have been all the same to Mr Clissold. He was not sent to see her, and in any business, and therefore solely recognisable, sense he did not see her.

'Yes, ma'am, was his reply.

'I am sorry to say Mr St Quentin is very ill. I will inform him that you are here.'

'Thank you, ma'am. Clissold, of Ross and Raby's.'

'Will you take a seat for a few minutes?' she said, indicating a chair. He complied, without the least change of expression; and Miriam went into the bedroom.

'He has come,' she whispered, bending low towards Walter. 'I don't think there's any risk. If he is like what he looks, he is a mere machine.'

'Send him in,' said Walter; and his sister, in the midst of her strongly restrained excitement and terrible suspense, was conscious that he had some sense of amusement in the playing of his dangerous part.

'Will you have the goodness to come into Mr St Quentin's room?' said Miriam to Mr Clissold, who was sitting upright on his chair, slowly knocking the edges of the soles of his boots together, and neatly fitting the tips of his thumbs and fore-fingers into a heart-shaped pattern. 'I must beg of you to cut this business matter, whatever it may be, as short as possible. He is quite unfit for business, indeed.'

'That,' replied Mr Clissold, standing up all of a piece, and looking straight before him, 'is for Mr St Quentin to decide. I am only sent to receive his instructions.'

Under other circumstances, Miriam would have said 'Brute!' in her own mind, but this particular kind of density served her purpose just then; so she said nothing, but preceded Mr Clissold into the presence of his client.

'This is Mr Clissold,' she said softly. 'I will leave him with you, and shall be in the next room if you want me.—Take this chair, if you please.'

There was no questioning, no speculation in the look which Mr Clissold bestowed upon the client of Messrs Ross and Raby, as he complied. He placed his feet in convenient contiguity for tapping, and arranged his finger and thumb tips into a heart-shaped pattern, while he waited for the sick man to enter upon the business for which he had been sent to Dover.

Miriam returned to the arm-chair by the fireside, and tried to remain still; but she could not. On the whole, her nerves were wonderfully under her control, but just so far they rebelled. She could almost forget what was actually being done, at least she could free herself to a mechanical thinking of something else, while the great fact was there, unconfessed. And she could rely upon herself to go through with all that must come after, until she should have peace and the full reward; but she could not keep her limbs still. If they were not in motion, they must tremble. So she rose, and paced the room from end to end, but her footstep made no sound. There was a hard and constant ticking in her throat, and her lips were dry. Twice she stopped beside a table where there were water and glasses, and drank water, but still her lips and throat were parched. Sometimes she could hear the harsh monotone of Mr Clissold's business-like voice, but the sound of the client's never reached her.

After some time, the hand-bell was struck, and Miriam answered the summons.

Mr Clissold was writing at the little table. The client was lying back upon the pillows, seemingly much exhausted; and the light in the room was dim, an hour after mid-day. Great gusts of wind and rain swept round the house with a hoarse moaning sound.

'Do you want anything?' asked Miriam of the

client, who signed to Mr Clissold to reply, and turned his head aside, breathing hurriedly.

'We shall require two persons to witness Mr St Quentin's signature to a certain document, ma'am,' said the confidential clerk, in a tone as unmoved and unintelligent as though he had not the smallest notion of the contents of the document then under his hand.

'Very well,' said Miriam. 'Shall I do for one?'

'Well—no—ma'am; you won't,' answered the confidential clerk deliberately.

'I will send two servants then,' said Miriam; and turning to the sick man, she said gently:

'I suppose you would have preferred Bolton, but, unfortunately, he is gone out, and will not be in for some time. Shall I send two of the hotel servants to you?'

'Yes, yes,' said the client faintly, with the impatience of an invalid about answering questions.

Miriam rang the bell, and when the waiter came, she told him what was wanted. Would he and one of his fellow-servants witness a signature for Mr St Quentin? The man assented respectfully. One of the waiters was passing at that moment, and he called him in. He hoped the gentleman was better; they had understood that Dr Ashley did say he was very poorly indeed. Miriam answered the civil inquiry with a quivering lip, and the two men went into the bedroom.

Then came a few minutes, which she felt she could not outlive twice; and the two waiters came out. They looked grave and important, and evidently regarded her with compassionate curiosity.

'The gentleman is very bad, surely,' said the older man—a model of respectability, who wore shoes cut so low, that it was a wonder he could keep them on. 'If you please, ma'am, are there any orders for dinner?'

Miriam managed to give some orders; and the men, wholly unsuspecting, left the room; and exchanged confidences, in the corridor, to the effect that 'he' was a deal too old for 'her'; that she was surprising cut up about it; and that she wouldn't find no difficulty in providing herself with No. 2, for she was uncommon nice-looking. Also, that they didn't care how many old parties made their wills at the *Grand*, and asked them to witness them, if all the lawyers had orders to stand a sovereign apiece, like this one, which he was to have his lunch in the coffee-room, immediate, because he was going up by the express.

Miriam resumed her restless walk, and presently Mr Clissold appeared, coming through the folding-doors. There was perhaps a shade more deference towards her perceptible in his demeanour, as if he discerned in her a future client of importance to that Ross and Raby in whose interests all his wooden being was merged. Again he made her a formal bow, as she stood still, facing him.

'Is your business completed, sir?' she asked.

'It is, madam,' he replied, buttoning his tight coat, and making the presence of a thick paper in his breast-pocket evident by the process—'satisfactorily so. I wish you good-morning, ma'am, and have my best wishes—and those of Messrs Ross and Raby—for Mr St Quentin's speedy recovery.' So saying, he went down to his luncheon in the coffee-room, and thence to London by the express.

'Get up, Walter, quick,' said Miriam; 'the doctor will be here immediately, and Bolton coming

back, and I cannot keep my maid up-stairs much longer.'

Miriam went into the room to him, saying all this in a burst of nervous hurry, which Walter understood as well as she did; but he did not second it. He was weak, worn out, and unable to congratulate himself or her on the wonderful success they had achieved. He had but one wish—to get away; and Miriam saw it. She smothered the pang the consciousness cost her; she thrust back the impulse which would have led her to thank him effusively, and to pour out all the complicated feelings which were in her heart. 'Not yet,' she thought; 'that will be for another time. There is too much to be borne and done now, before I can realise that I am free, independent, rich, and safe.'

Walter dressed himself rapidly, and then drank a good deal of wine, while Miriam restored the rooms to their former appearance. This was harder work than the task of their first arrangement. Through all her exultation, all her elation, and the triumph of her success, the over-wrought nerves were beginning to make themselves felt; and when she passed into the dead man's awful presence, to replace the clothes he had worn but yesterday, and the golden gewgaws of his toilet, an irrepressible shudder shook her. Was there any change in the face? Then she remembered, with a start, to have heard that the eyes of the dead should be closed soon after the life has left them, or they will refuse to close. What if those wide open eyes should remain wide open in the coffin, and under the close-packed clay? Miriam knew she must get the remainder of her task done quickly, when such fancies as these were beginning to scare her. He had lain there too long untouched; it was time he were streaked and straightened for the grave. She did not look towards the corpse, but rapidly gave the room the appearance it had worn when her maid had quitted it, poured a portion of the medicine, which would have been administered had the patient lived to take it, into the fire, and rejoined Walter. He did not look up as she came in, and he spoke without raising his eyes.

'Well, Miriam, this is done. Mr Clissold has taken the will with him to London. It is a terrible thing, but I suppose it will be all right.'

'I am sure it will be all right, dearest Walter,' said she in her softest tones of persuasion: 'it is bare justice to me; things are different according to circumstances. But we must not talk now. Don't you think, Walter,' she continued, suggesting the very thing her instinct told her he wished, but did not care to say he wished, 'it would be well for you to go away at once? In all that I have to attend to now, I feel I shall be better alone. You had better get away on foot, out of the town; the rain has ceased, and the wind is going down; so that, if it be proposed to send for you, you may not be found. You shall hear from me to-morrow.'

She brought him his coat and hat, and hurried him away. He hardly spoke, but held her tightly in his arms for awhile. Then he left her; and it chanced that he did not meet any one on the staircase; but the porter was opening the front-door to give egress to a gentleman just as Walter set foot in the hall. He paused, and waited until this gentleman had descended the steps, and turned away; and then, having leisurely inspected the state of the barometer, he too went out, and turned

in the opposite direction. The gentleman was Mr Clissold, who, as Walter correctly guessed, had taken the road to the railway station.

'I hope you have had a good sleep, Haines?' said Miriam to her maid, whom she had summoned immediately on Walter's departure.

'Yes, ma'am; I am quite rested.'

'I am exceedingly tired; and as Mr St Quentin is still sleeping—has been sleeping, indeed, these two hours—you shall arrange my hair, and then take my place beside him, while I rest a little, until the doctor comes.'

'Mr St Quentin has had no return of the pain?'

'No return.'

Miriam sat patiently while Mrs Haines brushed her hair, put it away in smooth braids, and changed her dress. She even spoke a little, in a low voice, about the business on which Bolton had gone out, and how much longer it was likely to detain him. Then she lay down on a sofa in her bedroom; and Mrs Haines, having made up the fire, and inspected the medicine-bottles, seated herself behind the bed-curtain, in awful unconscious proximity to the dead man.

During several minutes of agonising endurance, Miriam lay still, her arm thrown across her eyes, waiting for the scream with which she expected Mrs Haines to announce the discovery which she must soon make. A few minutes of profound silence elapsed, and then Miriam's ear detected the slight rustling of the woman's dress, and strained itself to follow every movement. If the discovery did not come soon, she should not have strength to hold out; there was a dull sickly sense of faintness stealing over her even now, and the palms of her hands were cold and clammy. The next sound was the click of curtain-rings, as the intervening curtain was cautiously withdrawn by the watcher, alarmed by the stillness. Miriam heard the slight creaking of the bedstead as she leaned over the huddled-up figure, with its back towards her, leaned further yet, heard her step behind the head of the bed, and the whisk of her gown against the wall—followed in her imagination the close, rapid examination which ensued; heard her say, with a gasp, 'My God!' and, feeling her approach, shut her eyes firmly, and threw her head back in a perfect imitation of sleep. In a moment, the woman was beside her, shaking her gently by the shoulder. Miriam roused herself, and sat up, meeting her maid's pale, scared face with a start.

'O madam—I, I fear something dreadful has happened! I—I was frightened at not hearing Mr St Quentin breathe, and I went round to look at him, and, indeed, ma'am, it's no use deceiving you, he is gone!'

'Gone!'

'Yes, ma'am. Come and look at him yourself.'

Miriam stood up in a blind, uncertain sort of way, catching at the woman's gown; and at that moment, the sitting-room door opened, and Dr Ashley appeared. Mrs Haines called to him loudly, and he came quickly into the bedroom; but before he could reach her side, or ask an explanation of the looks of the two women, Miriam's hold of her maid relaxed, and she fell in a heap upon the floor.

Ten minutes later, and just as the express train was about to start, a railway official, accompanied by the waiter who had announced Walter's arrival

to his sister, ran along the platform, looking into the carriages, and crying out: 'Any gentleman of the name of Clint here?' No gentleman answered the appeal; and the train puffed its way out of the station, leaving the official and the waiter looking disconcerted. 'He ain't there,' said the latter; 'I should have known him in a moment.' They turned away talking of the event which had occurred at the *Grand*; and Mr Clissold, undisturbed by the commotion, went on his prosperous way to London, the bearer of an extension of business to Ross and Raby.

Everything was done most decorously and in perfect order. After the terrible shock Mrs St Quentin had received, Dr Ashley regarded the most absolute quiet as indispensable. In Mrs Haines he found a sensible woman, who did as she was told, and was not over-excited by other people's affairs. Miriam was removed to another floor of the hotel, as soon as she recovered from the merciful fainting-fit which had divided the general attention between the dead and the living, and all the necessary steps were immediately taken. The doctor could not say the lamentable event had exactly surprised him; he had considered Mr St Quentin's condition highly precarious, as he had told Mrs St Quentin, and had no doubt the immediate cause of death was exhaustion consequent upon his having travelled when in an unfit state.

He was very kind to Miriam, and ready to be useful to her in every way, and he admired the clear-headedness and self-control with which she gave her directions, when bodily weakness had passed away. He communicated, by her desire, with Messrs Ross and Raby, informing them of Mr St Quentin's decease, and requesting them to act for her in a professional capacity. He also wrote to Walter Clint, requesting him to come to Dover.

The reply to this letter was written by Florence, and addressed to Miriam. It was constrained, but Miriam knew that was inevitable. Florence's mind would be disturbed by her knowledge of the truth respecting the marriage thus suddenly terminated, and the sense of what that termination ought to be to the young widow. So she said very little on that point, but told Miriam that Walter could not come to her. He had returned from his brief visit to Dover in a highly nervous state, and with a heavy, feverish cold, which had since increased, and rendered his leaving the house impossible. If Miriam wished it, Florence would come to her.

'And leave her darling husband ill! and travel here, to be with me under such circumstances, in her condition, poor child! No; certainly not,' said Miriam, who knew in her heart that the last thing she wished for now was Walter's presence, and the last thing but one the presence of Walter's wife. So she wrote to her sister-in-law that she had found friends and all the help she needed, and she would not have her come on any account. When everything was settled, she would pay them a long visit at the Firs, but it might be a little time first, as she was Mr St Quentin's sole executor, as well as his sole heir; and as the bulk of his papers were in Paris, she might have to return thither direct—that would depend upon the counsel of her legal advisers; 'besides which,' she added, 'dearest Florence, I feel, though I cannot explain it, that for the present, it is best I should be quite alone.'

Not a difficulty presented itself to Miriam. Messrs Ross and Raby conducted her affairs with promptitude and ease. All the customary announcements succeeded that of Mr St Quentin's death. No creditors presented themselves, not a claim of any kind was made. Mr St Quentin's property was in order so admirable as to be quite incomprehensible to the legal mind, considering he had never, until the very day of his death, employed a lawyer. Miriam had no difficulty in ascertaining from his few, perfectly arranged papers the exact amount and distribution of the wealth to which she had succeeded. In her capacity of executor, she examined all Mr St Quentin's correspondence. It was not voluminous, and it was exceedingly uninteresting. If she still felt any of the curiosity respecting his former life, and his first wife, which she had once expressed to Florence, it was destined to remain ungratified. There was not a letter, not a memorandum relating to it; the only memento of the past which she found among Mr St Quentin's possessions was a miniature-portrait, in a drawer of an Indian desk he carried about with him, but never used. It represented a fresh, beautiful face, with gray eyes, black hair, and a fine complexion. Miriam had never heard a personal description of the first Mrs St Quentin, but she took it for granted the portrait was hers.

One word was engraved upon the oval frame—
KATE.

TAILORS.

WHO first said that nine tailors make a man? And when did he say it? And why did he say it? And why is this kind of plurality more needed with tailors than with any other handicraftsmen? Investigators of the origin of old sayings, odd proverbs, slang phrases, nicknames, and queer words, have not left this particular subject unnoticed; and if they have failed in furnishing decisive answers to the above four questions, they have at anyrate accumulated abundant testimony shewing the widely-spread familiarity with this joke.

The modes of applying it, by wits, retailers of wit, and inventors of jokes, are almost endless. A gentleman accepted a challenge from a tailor; they met on the field of fight, when the gentleman said to the challenger: 'Where are the other eight?' In the days when the trained or train bands were among the institutions of London, a tailor, rated to supply half a man to the band, asked how this could be done; he was answered: 'By sending four journeymen and an apprentice.' Orator Henley, who was not particular concerning the sources of his jokes, provided he could make a smart hit with them, once said, that 'as no man puts new cloth upon an old garment,' a tailor cannot be a man. Carlyle, in his *Sartor Resartus*, says: 'Does it not stand on record that Queen Elizabeth, on receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a "Good-morning, gentlemen both." And did not the same virago boast that she had "a cavalry regiment whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her regiment, namely, of tailors on mares.' This story of the cavalry regiment was

told in the following form in the *Chester Courant*, a great many years ago: 'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the tailors petitioned Her Majesty that a regiment might be raised, composed entirely of their craft, to go abroad into Flanders. The queen assented. She ordered that (as there never was known to be a regiment of tailors before) they should all be mounted on mares. In a short time the regiment was completed, equipped and drilled, reviewed by Elizabeth, and sent off to fight the queen's wars in Flanders. They rushed to the front in battle, fought valiantly, and were every one killed. Her Majesty was greatly affected when she heard this news; but thanked God that she had neither lost man nor horse.' A search for such an incident in Froude or Miss Strickland would probably not be rewarded with success.

Nor is this curious joke (whatever be its origin) confined to England. It is met with in many foreign countries, sometimes varied with another number instead of nine. The Count de la Villamarqué, in his *Collection of Breton Ballads*, tells us that to this day the peasants of Brittany have a familiar saying, *qu'il faut neuf tailleurs pour faire un homme*—precisely our formula, which seems to be accepted in all the four divisions of the United Kingdom. In Hanover, it seems, it requires *twelve* tailors to make a man; and in some parts of Germany the number is thirteen. In Silesia, through some unexplained peculiarity, the twelve fractions required to make a man are said to be button-makers (*Knöpfmacher*), instead of tailors.

Now, what are we to think of all this? It must have had some origin. No saying or proverb, story or joke, traceable into several countries, expressed in various languages, and kept alive for some centuries, could have sprung into existence without a cause; and we are left to speculate whether the cause, whatever it may have been, was purely accidental or designedly concocted.

One explanation, presented in multiplied form, is based upon the phrase, 'make a man of him,' that is, rendering some substantial service. In Rhenish Prussia the story is told somewhat in the following way. Nine tailors were working together in a warm comfortable room; the season was mid-winter, and all without was sleet, snow, and bitter cold. A poor, hungry, ill-clad tramp knocked at the workshop door, and solicited alms, saying, he had walked many a mile, and was faint for lack of warmth and food. The kindly tailors not only shared their meal with him, but sent him away rejoicing with a few groschen in his pocket; and he exclaimed gratefully: 'You have made a man of me!' If nine tailors 'make a man' in this sense, so much the more to their credit.

But then this gives the honour to Germany, an arrangement which certain English versions of the story certainly do not endorse. Here is one of the versions: In 1742, an orphan boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which some journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent gentlemen of the cloth, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital, our grateful hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honour smiled upon the

young tradesman; so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the Heralds' College for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel: 'Nine tailors made me a man.' As far back as 1682, in a book called *Grammatical Drollery*, one of these stories made its appearance, in a versified form:

There is a proverb which has been of old,
And many men have likewise been so bold,
To the discredit of the tailor's trade,
Nine tailors goe to make a man, they said,
But for their credit I'll unriddle it t' ye:
A draper once fell into povertie;
Nine tailors joined their purses together then,
To set him up, and make him a man agen.

But perhaps the most novel and unexpected attempt at an explanation is one contained in a monthly magazine two or three years ago. The author does not seem to be poking fun at us; he is a clergyman, and follows his chain of reasoning steadily. He adduces the well-known phrase, 'To toll a bell,' as the means of announcing a decease; he states that the original and proper form is 'To tell a knell on a bell;' and in connection with this 'telling' or 'tolling,' he contrives to bring in the nine tailors. In some places, he proceeds to inform us, after a knell, a certain number of distinct bell-strokes are made, to denote whether the deceased was a man, woman, or child; often the numbers were: nine for a man, six for a woman, and three for a child. These strokes on the church-bell were listened to and counted by the parishioners or villagers who heard them; and then the knell at its conclusion was said to be 'told' or counted. By degrees this idea became confused or lost, and the participle 'toll'd' was referred to a supposed infinitive 'to toll,' instead of to its natural infinitive 'to tell' or 'count.' So much for this little bit of grammar and etymology; and now for the tailors. The strokes 'told' or counted at the end of a knell were (according to the theory now under consideration) called, from their office, 'tellers.' This term was corrupted into 'tailors,' on account of the sounds coming at the tail or end of the knell. Nine of these being given to announce the death of an adult male, it became intelligible that nine tellers or tailors denote or make a man, an adult male—from which we may slide easily into 'Nine tailors make a man.' This writer is certainly correct on one point, *telling* as having the same meaning as *counting*, reckoning the number of strokes. When Richard III. was in his tent at Bosworth Field, and the clock strikes, he said: 'Tell the clock there;' that is, 'count the hours.'

And now, which theory will the reader accept—the making a man by befriending him in the time of need; or numbering the strokes on a bell to denote the death of a man, as distinguished from a woman or a child? In either case, 'Nine tailors make a man' may be accepted without any discredit to this useful class of handicraftsmen.

There is, however, another set of old jokes which come heavily on the fraternity in regard to honesty. In bygone times, the tailor was wont to go to the houses of his customers, and make garments of cloth which they had purchased; the list and small cuttings were acknowledged to be his perquisite; but he was constantly accused of appropriating other portions of the cloth. Sometimes the tailor worked in his own shop, but still upon

materials which had been furnished to him; and a like unfavourable accusation was often hurled at him. The jokes seem to point to a period when the tailor was usually a workman plying the needle for a customer; the master or employer, if there were one, being a draper, and often so called. In Flanders, there is a saying which separates a debt to a tailor from all others, as an 'honourable debt,' one that need not be paid in a hurry, as the creditor has already found some means or other to pay himself, partially if not wholly. Massinger says in one of his plays:

Were one of ye, knights of the needle,
Paid by the ninth part of his customers,
Once in nine years, the ninth part of his bill,
He would be nine times overpaid

—an almost appalling example of the results of repeatedly dividing by nine. A cruel old saying is, 'Put a tailor, a weaver, and a miller into a sack; and the first that puts his head out is a thief.' The tailor's cabbage has not escaped the wits. The word seems to have originated in the wrongful appropriation of cloth, above adverted to. But then, why 'cabbage?' What does the word mean? Some think it may have come from 'cabotage,' a kind of smuggling; one traces it to 'cabesh,' a name in some countries for windfalls, fruit that comes to you by luck and not by choice. Phillips, in his *History of Cultivated Vegetables*, tells us that among the *brassica* tribe, comprising the cabbage, cole, cauliflower, broccoli, &c., 'cabbage' is really the proper name for the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over one another; inasmuch that 'the cole has cabbaged' has a definite meaning in connection with the growth of the vegetable. He adds: 'From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the houses of their customers, where they were often accused of "cabbaging"—that is, rolling up good cloth with the waste or perquisites.'

The stories about tailors are numerous, comical, and in many cases evidently made up for the purpose. After the battle of Waterloo, when the treaty of peace reopened communication between England and France, two master tailors from the West End went over to Paris to pick up the fashions. They went to a good hotel, and ordered breakfast. 'Certainement, messieurs, tout à l'heure,' said the obliging garçon. Upon which, looking at each other, one of them exclaimed: 'Two tailors! Are we discovered already?' The late Daniel O'Connell, addressing a large meeting once in a public building, was interrupted by a noise among the auditors, who protested against the conduct of a man who obstinately persisted in standing up and interrupting the view of those who were sitting. 'Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way,' said O'Connell; 'he's a tailor, and wants to rest himself.' This sally at once brought down the obnoxious individual to his seat—tailor or not. Desbois, in his *Recueil de Bons Mots*, tells a story of a tailor who grew rich, lived in style, wished the world to forget what he had been, and had a favourite and comfortable seat at church. A lady on one occasion asked if he could kindly make room for her. He discourteously refused; whereupon she remarked: 'I forgot; you have been accustomed to take up a good deal of room in sitting.' In Paisley churchyard there is a tomb-

stone with the inscription, 'George Mattley, Taylzeour, 1704;' beneath the name is a pair of tailor's shears, and between the blades of the shears is a tailor's goose. A 'tailor's mense,' ration or allowance, is, according to an old saying, a small portion of a meal left for good manners, only one-ninth part of the quantity required for a man.

One thing is quite certain, that this custom of poking fun at a particular trade is going much out of use. The tone of society tells against it; the organisation among the average and better members of the craft is quite as rational and well planned as among other bodies of working men. Nor must we forget that there have been learned tailors as well as learned shoemakers. There was John Speed, the Cheshire historian and antiquary. There was John Stow, the excellent topographer of London; concerning whom we read that 'Grindall, Bishop of London, wrote a letter to the Privy Council, announcing that a search had been made for papistical books by his chaplain at the house of John Stow, the tailor;' but it does not appear that the search in anywise compromised Stow, for the books in his house mostly related to the topography, buildings, manners, and customs of old times. There was Sir John Hawkwood, who had been a tailor, and who was knighted by one of our early monarchs for his gallantry; Hawkwood, in the quaint language of old Fuller, 'turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield.' There was Benjamin Robins, the tailor of Bath, and afterwards compiler of the narrative of Lord Anson's voyage. There was Robert Hill, the tailor of Buckingham, who, amid the struggles incident to the support of a large family, taught himself Hebrew, and left a manuscript commentary on the margins of a Latin Bible. There was Henry Wild, the learned tailor of Norwich, who most creditably maintained a position in the very centre of learning. He worked seven years as an apprentice, and seven as a journeyman, at the tailoring trade; fell ill; relieved the monotony of the sick-room by reading works on controversial divinity; studied Hebrew; and was sent by Dean Prideaux to Oxford. He was there employed for many years at the Bodleian Library, translating and extracting from Oriental manuscripts. He then removed to London, where he published a translation from the Arabic of *Al-Mesra*, or *Mahomet's Journey to Heaven*. There was the late Mr Francis Place, whose writings on political subjects attracted attention. And last, though not least, there is the remarkable man who, once a tailor, rose to the highest attainable position in the great American republic—we, of course, mean Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln in the presidency. Let it be recorded that in 1868 the members of a Tailors' Union waited upon him to do him honour; and that he declared to them 'the most pleasant hours of his life were those he had spent in his tailor's shop.'

SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

HAPPY the ear which first perceives,
From depths of freshly blowing leaves,
The sparrow's cry along the eaves.

Spring's herald he; for when the rain
Is blown in gusts against the pane,
His is the blitheest, loudest strain.

A certain sobbing music fills
The violet hollows of the hills,
Where wink the yellow daffodils.

The rust-incrusted oak is mute,
But, from the fissures round its root,
The sweet faint-smelling crowslips shoot.

And in the woods, yet soft for showers—
In Winter's wild, dishevelled bowers—
The violet takes heart and flowers.

Happy the eye which then can see,
In fallow field or bursting tree,
The watchful, kind Divinity.

Seasons of hurtling storms and snows
Hold 't the dark the early rose,
But fair the honeysuckle blows.

From breezy hedges, cottage-walls,
Where most at morn the sunshine falls,
Its odour comes, at intervals;

And where the parted branches hold
The light against the blackest mould,
The crocus shines in puce, or gold.

Silver is on the spectral larch;
You see, through each fresh-mantled arch
Of boughs, the ruddy face of March:

The moon has not a redder light
When balefully and dimly bright,
She turns eclipse upon the night.

Sweet are the farms for new-pulled hay,
Sweet are the changing sounds of day
From sunrise to the starlit gray:

The snooded girl that sits to sing
Beside the bracken-shadowed spring—
The church-bell's minute clinking ring;

The rooks' alarm—the swallows' cry,
The magpies' jangled litany,
The curlews' challenge, shrill and high.

Happy the heart that at such time,
When even the breezes flow in rhyme,
Feels yearnings for a farther clime.

Sallow, or fired, the day goes down,
Over the moorlands drear and brown—
Over the sharply steeped town.

The crow goes broad-winged to his rest,
The linnet hides in ivied nest;
Orion flames above the west.

Then white, as is a dead man's face,
Smote with death's spiritual grace,
The rounded moon heaves up through space.

The lights go out; the village street
Is dumb; you hear no passing feet,
Nor yet the mill-wheel's plashing beat.

Happy the lids that now may close,
Nor fear the hour when Morning throws,
Through lattice panes, her dewiest rose.

For them the wind's prolonged surcease,
Earth's brooding calm, heaven's starred increase,
Shall be as ministers of peace.

On Saturday, 1st June, will be commenced a
NOVEL, entitled

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By the Author of *Cecil's Tryst*, &c.

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